

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GRAPEFRUIT.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy, the mink-lady who kept the hollow stump bungalow for the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"Hello! Yes! What's the matter?" asked Mr. Longears, who had not yet come downstairs that morning.

"Oh, nothing is that matter," answered Nurse Jane, "except that I have to run over to see if Mrs. Stubtail, the lady bear, wants to go shopping with me to the eight-and-nine-cent store today. I have left your breakfast on the table—all but the grapefruit and that is in the ice box."

"Oh, all right," said Uncle Wiggily, "I can get my own breakfast all right. Stay as long as you like."

When he came downstairs Nurse Jane was gone, but just as she had said, his breakfast was on the table—all except the grapefruit.

There was some commotion, all ready to eat, with juice from the milkweed plant and maple sugar from the maple tree. There was a bit of eggplant, all ready to boil or fry, just as Uncle Wiggily felt like having it, and, as Nurse Jane had said, there was a grapefruit, all ready to eat with a very proper breakfast for a bunny gentleman, I should say.

"I'll begin with the grapefruit," said Uncle Wiggily to himself.

Nurse Jane said it was in the ice box. Grapefruit is best when it is cold.

Soon he was sitting at the table, and in front of him, on a plate, was half a grapefruit. A grapefruit, you know, is much larger than an orange, and is the color of a lemon. In fact it is something between an orange and a lemon, not as sweet as the one, but quite as sour as the other. Sort of between you know.

Uncle Wiggily began to eat his grapefruit.

Oh, one moment, if you please. I feel like telling you that a grapefruit is just full of juice. It has more juice than an orange and a lemon squeezed out together. And when you put your spoon in a grapefruit to eat it if it hasn't been all cut up for you before hand, the juice is going to splash all over some. And Nurse Jane had forgotten to cut up Uncle Wiggily's grapefruit for him, so—

Well, I'll tell you about it.

Uncle Wiggily had seated himself at the breakfast table, he had spread his napkin out on his knee and was drawing his grape fruit, or orange-lemon, toward him, ready to put the first spoon in, when, all of a sudden, the door of his hollow stump bungalow opened and in walked the bad old Skeezicks.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Looks Like a "Change Without Improvement"!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Many Were Called, But Few Were Chosen!



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN MAKES THE BEST HUSBAND.

What kind of a man makes the best husband?

This is a conundrum that millions of women are trying to solve, and, judging by the amount of marital unhappiness we see about us, many ladies must be mighty poor guessers.

The choice of a husband is hampered by the curious sense of humor to which, that the very qualities that make a man popular abroad make him unpopular at home. The things that dazzle the world in a man, such as beauty, social talent, cleverness, wit, gentleness are not the fit of him for domesticity, so that the very attributes that attracted a woman to a man before marriage are the ones that are her trouble after marriage.

Therefore, one might well say to a maiden who was selecting her life mate, beware of marrying a very handsome man. If you do you will always present an invidious contrast to him that your friends will remark upon. By comparison you will seem twice as homely and as old as you are, and people will always wonder as they look upon you why he did it. Moreover, a handsome man never admires anybody but himself, and if a woman, if there is going to be any bouquet throwing it should be the woman who gets the bouquet, instead of the man. Also, husband you preempt all the glad salient for himself, instead of bestowing it upon his wife.

Don't marry a man who is what is called a ladies' man, who is sloshing over with sentiment, and makes love beautifully and romantically. Women will run after him, and he will hold other hands than yours while he explores the psychology of the feminine soul. Besides, the ability to make love is an accomplishment so rare and fascinating that no man who has it can refrain from practicing it, any more than a man with a tenor voice can keep from singing.

Don't marry a man who has a mission in the world. All missions lead away from home, and such a man's interest and helpfulness are too precious a commodity for family consumption. So far as the wife enjoying his society is concerned, a man kind as well be addicted to drink as to causes. Both of them will keep him out at night and use up his salary.

The brilliant seldom scintillate in the marital circle, and a witty husband is apt to find that a wife makes an admirable butt for his jokes. He will make her faults, her virtues, her mis-

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by Quinlan, the Sunshine Man.

The main secret of Macaulay's success lay in this, that to extraordinary fluency and facility he united patient, minute and persistent diligence. He well knew, as Chaucer knew before him, that—

There is no workman
That can, with worken well and haste,
This must be done at leisure parfitte."

Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as perfect. He thought little of re-creating a chapter in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and would not hesitate to re-write a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration. . . . When two men were passing through the press Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry and his scrupulous precision to the minutest mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma. . . . And it must be remembered that Macaulay's punctilious attention to detail was prompted by an honest wish to increase the enjoyment and smooth the difficulties of those who did him the honor to buy his books.—Lord Macaulay's Life.

"In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified."—Isa. xiv, 25.

In Thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
Good will pronounce the sinner just
And take the sinner to heaven.

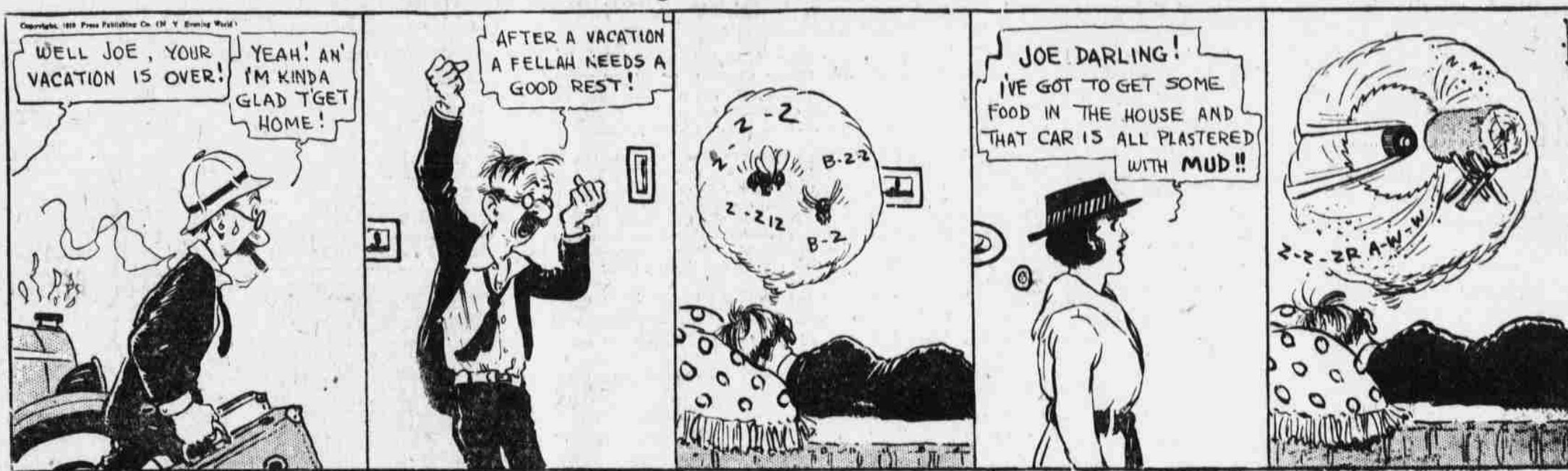
"Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me,
My glory."—Psa. lvi, 1.



TO THE producing managers.
AND THE striking actors.
I AM writing this.
JUST TO say to you.
THAT WHEREVER it was.
THAT LAY in our hearts.
WHEN WE were kids.
AND THAT prompted us.
TO BUILD playhouses.
AND TO dress up dolls.
AND MAKE mud pies.
AND PLAY by the hour.
WITH A Noah's ark.
AND TOY steam engines.
AND OTHER things.
WAS THE very same thing.
THAT LIVES in us now.
AND THAT comes to us.
FROM THE Land of Pretend.

AS IT came to us then.
AND MAKES us crave.
IN OUR adult years.
FOR THE game of pretend.
AS WE played it then.
AND TO fill that want.
YOU CAME to us.
WITH BIG playhouses.
AND GROWN-UP men.
AND BEAUTIFUL ladies.
AND YOU show us a room.
WHEN THE curtain goes up.
WITH JUST three walls.
AND YOU make us believe.
FOR AN HOUR or two.
THAT IT is a room.
AND WE sit there.
WITH THE lights all dimmed.
EXCEPT in the room.

JOE'S CAR—Run Along Blanche—Th' Mud's Gonna Stay There!



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

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The young lady across the way says that olive oil is one of the few things that really have come down in price and she advised her father yesterday to be a little careful how he invests in oil stocks.

WITH JUST three walls.
AND WE play so hard.
AT THE game of pretend.
THAT LUMPS rise up.
AND CHOKES out tears.
AND LAUGHTER comes.
AND WE speak no word.
WHILE YOU are there.
IN THE three-walled room.
AND THEN it's through
AND THE play is done.
AND THE lights are up.
AND WE cease to pretend.
AND GO on our way.
BACK INTO the world.
WHERE TROUBLES are real
AND HUNGER is real.
AND GREED is real.
AND GOLD is king.
BUT WE'RE better off.
IN THE going back.
THAT WEVE gone with you.
FOR AN hour or two.
TO THE Land of Pretend.
AND THEN one day.
FROM OUT of this land.
YOU COME to us.
IN THE garb we wear.
AND YOUR make-up off.

AND YOU look like us.
AND YOU talk like us.
AND YOU quarrel like us.
AND SPEAKING for one.
I'M NOT quite sure.
THAT IN future years.
THE LAND of Pretend.
WILL HOLD me as close.
AS IT always has.

HOROSCOPE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1919.

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Uranus and Saturn rule strongly for good today, according to astrology.

The stars seem to indicate a return to more settled conditions of life and thought. Certain lines of business and professional activity should benefit greatly.

The planetary government is most promising for all educational movements, pressuring reforms and progress toward practical training.

Hopes and benefits for educators are overshadowed and a strong attainment of recognition for their high calling. This means, also, increase of financial rewards.

Under this away spiritual aspiration should be quickened. A better understanding of all that pertains to the realm of the occult or psychic is again prophesied.

Teachers who will lead toward higher conceptions of human life will minister through many channels, including literature, music and the theater.

Saturn today gives fair promise to agriculturists and all who draw sustenance from the earth. New discoveries of oil seem to be indicated.

Business connected with railways is subject to the best direction today.

Surveyors, engineers and contractors have the forecast of much activity and

Twice Told Tales

News of Memphis 26 Years Ago. News of Memphis 10 Years Ago.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1893.

Prof. Zeno, balloonist and trapeze artist, while 1,000 feet from the ground, came near meeting death when his balloon burst while he was loosening his parachute. He reacted to the earth and escaped being enveloped by the falling bag by a few seconds.

The machinists and blacksmiths of the Memphis & Charleston railroad voted to strike unless the company met their demands. The meeting was held following the labor day parade.

Otto Zahn is en route to the World fair at Chicago.

David H. Macgowan has returned from a two years' stay in Germany where he studied in one of the finest universities in the fatherland.

Miss Lucy Craig has returned from the West.

Miss Edna Freilberg is making a hit on the stage, playing the part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in that play.

The marriage of Rosa Weinbaum and Joseph Seches was solemnized at the home of the bride, 52 Market street.

Mrs. S. H. Phillips and little daughter, Eleanor Albers, are at Tate Springs.

Miss Julia Parker has returned from a visit to Nashville and Birmingham.

Mrs. Cary Anderson and daughters have returned from a trip to Seaside.

Mrs. Cecelia Walker and daughters, Irma and Vernie Garrett, are visiting friends and relatives in Mattawan, Ill., and Terre Haute, Ind.

Negotiations for the transfer of the Southern railway old Charleston yards to the city for park purposes has been abandoned. The company asks \$1,000,000 for the property.

Contract has been let for the new Central Bank and Trust company building which is to be erected at the corner of Madison avenue and Second street. The structure will cost \$400,000.

Memphis won a ball game, defeating the Birmingham Barons by a score of 12 to 3 in a slugging match.

The town of Lenox is now a part of the city of Memphis. The town has a debt of only \$75,000. A. J. Willford, corporation magistrate, lost his seat in the county court on account of the abolition of the charter of the town through annexation.

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YEAR IT WAS BUILT.

An ancient motor van usually manned by a breakdown about once a week, and generally at a most inopportune moment in the thick of traffic.

One day after slowly moving its way right into the middle of the traffic there was a sudden whirling of wheels.

A low snap, and the weary and a few minutes later a dead stop.

"Hey, there!" said the policeman on duty to the driver of that thing it is always breaking down. Let's see your number, yes, 1559."

"Go on, you came from the youth who was in charge of the vehicle immediately behind. That ain't its number; that's the year it was built."